

## How Short the Space

How short the space! How much to do!  
How few and brief the days of men!  
So much to learn of false and true—  
And only three-score years and ten.

So little time to do things well,  
So much—so very much to know!  
And while we labor in our cell,  
The years do not forget to go.

So many things that we might learn,  
If only time would stay its tide,  
And once again our youth return  
To keep the shadow from our side.

But ah! what cannot be cannot,  
We'll do the little that we may  
And in some time-ignoring spot  
Perhaps find what we lose to-day.  
—Frank H. Sweet in 'The Ham's Horn.'

### Betty's Love.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"It was during my first season," said Betty, disconsolately.

"Pray, then, take comfort," said I.

"He's probably forgotten about it by this time."

Betty frowned.

"You suggest two very disagreeable ideas, Mr. Carmichael," said she.

"First, that I've been out some time, which is true; second, that I'm not sufficiently attractive to be remembered, which is not true."

We had left the golf links for the seductive shelter of the summer house.

(It was the June we spent at Saxminster—the year before the duchess's death.)

Betty had cast herself upon the cushions piled high in one corner and after reluctantly offering me one had proceeded to divest herself of that article of her attire she termed her golf bonnet.

I made myself as comfortable as circumstances and the doorsteps would permit, having first deposited upon the floor the ample supply of lotions, drivers, etc., which Miss Gordon considered indispensable to her complete enjoyment of the game.

"You see, it was this way," she continued.

"I met him everywhere and he—well, he fell in love with me. He was just back from Africa, you know."

"Naturally," I murmured, "he could not fail to do so. Simply by force of contrast."

Betty looked at me severely.

"As I was saying," she went on, "I met him everywhere. He was awfully devoted and sent me flowers and candy and gloves—he was certainly very much in love—and I—"

"Go on," I murmured encouragingly, as she paused, "and you were very much in love, too."

"I wasn't at all," interrupted Betty, angrily, "but—er—I let him think I was."

"Oh," said I, somewhat staggered by this fresh proof of the duplicity of woman, "you really weren't, but you let him think you were."

"Yes," proceeded Betty plaintively, "he wanted to think so, so much, poor fellow. I really didn't mean to be deceitful, but it comforted him so much."

"In fact," I suggested, "you even told him so."

"Oh, no," said Betty much shocked; "no, I never told him so. At least I don't think I did. I can't remember ever having done so. I may have, but I don't think so."

"At any rate," I resumed, "he got the impression that you did."

"Yes," he certainly did," admitted Betty, "and although mamma refused to allow us to correspond when he went away, it was with the distinct understanding that upon his return the engagement should be announced."

"Exactly," said I, "but during his absence, you having seen the matter in its true light, can now regard it only as a piece of youthful folly."

"That's just it," said Betty admiringly. "How clever you are, Mr. Carmichael."

I modestly disclaimed this assertion.

"You see," resumed Betty reflectively, "I really was too young to know my own mind. I couldn't endure him now. The passion of my life has yet to come."

"When half gods go, the gods arrive," I quoted.

"What did you say?" inquired Betty. I repeated the quotation.

"What in the world did you ever see in her?" queried Betty scornfully.

"She's as thin as a fence-rail and as ugly as a—"

"She has a figure of willowy slenderness," I corrected, "and the charm revealed in her features is greater than that of mere beauty."

"Oh, very well," quoth Miss Betty angrily; "whatever made you change?"

"You," I said promptly.

Betty was mollified.

I left Saxminster the next morning at 4 o'clock, my departure being cheered by Betty's presence. I arrived in London by 7 and in a few hours was safely ensconced in my hotel in Paris.

The next morning found me wending my way towards the British legation. Upon my arrival I presented my card to the stately footman who admitted me and in a few moments he returned and requested me to follow him to Lady Ashleigh's reception-room.

Her ladyship rose to greet me, my card in her hand.

"I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Carmichael," she said. "A familiar face is doubly welcome away from home. When did you leave London?"

After a few moments' conversation I inquired for Captain Archdeane.

"Archdeane," she said smiling, "have you not heard? He was married yesterday at noon. They sailed immediately for India."

I gasped for breath.

"Should you be so ungrateful," I acquiesced.

"The reason I told you this," said Betty, examining my brasses attentively, "was to ask you if you would mind—that is, if you would care to—I mean, do you think you could find out for me if he considers me—"

"In other words," said I, as she hesitated, "you would like me to sound Archdeane himself."

"Well, yes," said Betty, much relieved by my comprehension, "that's exactly it."

"What's his address?" I inquired, producing my note-book.

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"You seem surprised," said her ladyship in an amused tone. "Did you not know they had been engaged for years? Mrs. Powell only gave her consent last autumn. She hated so for Mildred to go to India."

"Who—whom did he marry?" I managed to articulate.